ELECTRICAL EEL:

O R,

GYMNOTUS ELECTRICUS.

[Price ONE SHILLING and SIXPENCE.]

THE

ELECTRICAL EEL:

OR,

GYMNOTUS ELECTRICUS.

INSCRIBED TO THE

Honourable Members of the R***L S*****Y,

BY

ADAM STRONG,

NATURALIST.

A NEW EDITION, with conſiderable ADDITIONS.

So gliſter'd the *ſmooth Eel*, and into fraud
Led EVE, our credulous Mother, to the tree
Of *Prohibition*, ROOT of all our woe! MILTON.

LONDON:
Printed for J. BEW, in PATERNOSTER-ROW.
M,DCC,LXXVII.

349624

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TO
The moſt HONOURABLE
And
LEARNED MEMBERS
Of
The ROYAL SOCIETY of ****** London, celebrated for their univerſal
Reſearches into the
Occult Myſteries
Of
NATURE:
This
Treatiſe on the natural, ſecret, powerful, and moſt efficacious
Principles of ELECTRICITY,
Not
Derived from the friction of Bodies, but proved and deduced from
The GYMNOTUS ELECTRICUS,
Is
Now offered by an ADEPT,
To
Their ſagacious conſiderations; to prove,
That
This rare Phœnomenon
Of NATURE,
Is the original SERPENT of SIN,---as mentioned
By that very Wiſe,

But old Philoſopher,
And Phyſician, MOSES,
To have tempted the divine EVE, in the living Garden of EDEN.
As theſe Labours and Studies,
To fix the Genus and Properties
Of this inſinuating Reptile,
Have been the purſuit of the Author's Life, from Fifteen to
Thirty Eight,
He flatters himſelf, that the Reward of his Studies
Will be an Honourable Admiſſion
Into
Your LEARNED SOCIETY;
And if
He has ſo well uſed his time, in the pleaſing inveſtigations
Of
The natural virtues of the EEL,
He will, with unfeigned
Gratitude, confeſs,
That it is the only circumſtance of his Studies
That hath
Produced him any ſignal Reward.
For to obtain
Such a Meed, and ſuch a Diſtinction,
For the pleaſures of
Diving into the ſecrets
Of Nature,
Will be a gratification to his mental faculties,

Unexperienced in any former part
Of his Life.
Nor will he be wanting in the moſt upright
Teſtimonies of gratitude, to acknowledge the
Inſuperable honour confer'd

On, GENTLEMEN,

Your Humble, and

Obedient Servant,

ADAM STRONG, NATURALIST.

THE

ELECTRICAL EEL:

OR,

GYMNOTUS ELECTRICUS.

IN days of yore, when Mr. Adam,
Poſſeſs'd fair Eve, as Miſs or Madam,
In all the pride of love;
For Heav'n allowed no other Man
To court as Fop;---or Bull,* or Swan,
Or chaſte coquetting Dove.

---

* It is ſcarce neceſſary to ſay that Europa received the polite addreſſes of Jove as a Bull---ſhe liked the low of the animal: as did Miſs Leda the feather of the Swan. Theſe, tho' very old tales, have been put to the bluſh, by the more accompliſhed addreſſes of the Pidgeon.

Yet ſhe, ſly creature, could contrive,
(For female fancy's all alive)
To furniſh an intrigue;
As well as modern ladies do,
In ſpite of huſbands ſtrong and true,
With Captain or with Teague.[*]

Upon the blooming Tree [†] of Life,
(You know the tale) this beauteous wife,
Fair as the gentle May: [‡]
Caſt ſuch a ſly, bewitching glance,
The very fruit [§] began to dance,
A ſmart electrick hay.

---

[*] The ladies at St. James's can vouch for the propriety of this obſervation, from the celebrated Jemmy Hennes------y, to the Mr. O'------Byrne------.

[†] O Serpent cunning to deceive,
Sure 'tis the tree that tempted Eve,
The crimſon apples hung ſo fair,
Alas! what woman could forbear.

The tree alone which could content her,
All nature, Suſan, ſeeks the centre:
Yet let us ſtill poor Eve forgive,
It is the tree by which we live,
For lovely woman ſtill it grows,
And only in the centre blows.
ANON.

[‡] Mr. Pope has told this cuckoldom from Chaucer with pleaſantry in his Poems.

[§] And all amid them ſtood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambroſial fruit
Of vegetable gold.
MILTON.

'Tis

'Tis very ſtrange---when ladies whims,
Will riſk their ſlender, taper limbs,
Their paſſion's ſuch to climb.
O could I riſe in poeſy,
As Eve did to the vital Tree,
I'd reign the true ſublime.

By this crab-apple tree of knowledge,
The claſſick fruit of ev'ry college,
There was a pond * moſt rare,
Where this fair, ancient, country laſs,
For want of barber, toilet, glaſs,
Comb'd out her auburn hair.

---

* Milton ſays it was a river, ſpread into a liquid plain, on the green bank of which Eve laid down and ſaw herſelf---

> ---------------------I ſtarted back,
> It ſtarted back: but pleas'd I ſoon return'd;
> Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon; with anſwering looks
> Of ſympathy and love.

In ſhort, ſhe looked as well in it as any other lady in her glaſs, nor was ſhe a bit better pleaſed with herſelf than Mrs. Baddeley, when ſhe practiſes look to ſing,-----

"No flower that blows, is like the roſe."

Nor do I think ſhe had finer teeth, or ſhewed them half ſo much.

Within this bright, tranſlucent wave,
She to herſelf became a ſlave,
And did her charms adore;
There ſhe would gaze away whole hours,
And ſtudy attitudes and lures,
Like A****r--B***y**re.

The beaſts grew amorous of her face,
Levee'd her beauties, prais'd her grace,
None her attention drew,
'Till from the pond the lengthen'd Eel,*
Bewitch'd, began her pow'r to feel,
And from the mud he grew.

He grew erect†---he won her eyes,
Both by his ſleekneſs and his ſize,
And thus the Dame ‡ addreſs'd:

" Fair

---

[*] Mr. Milton has taken the liberty to mnke this ſpeaking reptile a ſerpent, from the authority of Moſes; but all Philoſophers and Naturaliſts allow the creature to be the Gymnotus Electricus.

[†] Milton agrees in the erect poſture that he ſtood before Eve---
--------------------------His head,
Creſted aloft---and carbuncle his eyes:
With burniſh'd neck of verdant gold *erect*
Amidſt his circling ſpires-------
Pleaſing was his ſhape and lovely-----

[‡] All the Poets and Patriarchs have given ſpeech to the ſerpent, therefore the elocu-

tion

" Fair, beauteous lady---give your hand,
" For you alone can make me ſtand,
" As you have made me bleſs'd."

Pleas'd with his manners and his ſpeech,
She did the creature next beſeech,
To leave his oozy bed;
He did---and in a moment preſs'd,
The place---in Paradiſe the beſt,
As by Dan Moſes ſaid.

Th' electrick fire ſoon warm'd her heart,
The fire to all ſhe did impart,
And nature own'd the feel:
From that gay period up to this,
The Wife, the Matron, and the Miſs,
Hallow'd---th' Electrical Eel.*

tion of my Eel is not more ſurpriſing than Mr. Cox's ſelf-moving thing, which he calls an Automaton. And as the Eel is of the genus of the Serpent, the miſtake might eaſily be made by ſome of the old lady authors:---but what further confirms me that it was an Eel, and not a Serpent, the firſt notice the creature took of the young gentlewoman was, when ſhe came to obſerve her treſſes in the fountain, or the pond.

* Many hiſtorians continue the worſhip of Serpents to the Egyptians, but it is a creature univerſally adored by the fair ſex of all countries, under the name of the Eel.

What are ſo like to Snakes as Eels,
They're ſimilar as two coach wheels,
And what pray's in a name?
The Devil's us'd for every thing,
Aſs, Monkey, Tyrant, Fool, or King,
And Devil's all the ſame.

Fable, and metaphor are things,
Which fledge the Poet's callow wings,
And make them all ſo civil;
And if you dare your bard believe,
An Eel electrified dame Eve,
Nor Serpent---or a Devil.

Therefore to end this long diſpute,
And make all claſſick blockheads mute,
Who now abuſe each other:
Let them this orthodoxy feel,
This arbor vitæ was an Eel,
And long'd for by our mother.

Is it not ſince the favourite fiſh,
And ev'ry matron's ſtanding diſh,
That dare to ſee or feel?
Is there a dame who love the joke,
But what hath felt th' electrick ſtroke*
Of this elaſtick Eel?

Therefore the Serpent and the Tree,
Diveſted of fring'd ſmile,
Is a plain Eel of courſe;
Which ev'ry cook-maid in the land,
At certain times doth take in hand,
And ſkin without remorſe.†

Torment no more our tuneful ears,
"With holy oil and pious tears,
"Of Moſes' beard and rod;"

---

* See the Advertiſement. The ſhock felt at 2s. 6d.---the ſpark extracted at 5s. Nothing of this ſort was ever offered ſo cheap to the publick before, particularly in King's-Court, or Covent-Garden.

† This barbarity in our ſervants is obvious; roaſting of Lobſters, and ſkinning of Eels, are expreſſions almoſt proverbial of cruelty.

The pious father---he lov'd fiſh;
At ninety, what was Sarah's diſh?
A very nice crimp'd Cod.

What makes our firſt felicity,
But this pure electricity,
Diveſted of all fiction:
Motion makes heat, and heat makes love,
Creatures below, and things above,
Are all produc'd by friction.*

In David's time the thing was plain;
For what was old Uriah ſlain,
That man of flint and ſteel?
Sure Bethſheba hath made it clear,
She did not like Uriah's ſpear,
As well as David's Eel.

---

* Friction, as defined by Dr. Johnſon, in his Dictionary, is the rubbing of two bodies together. Bacon ſays, in his Natural Hiſtory, that gentle friction draweth forth the nouriſhment, by making the parts a little hungry, and heating them,---this friction I wiſh to be done in a morning.

In Cleopatra's * luſcious time,
When luxury was in its prime,
And Cæſar in his glory:
What was the wanton Gypſy's joy?
Not the high mettled hook'd-nos'd boy,
Nor all his deeds in ſtory:

No, it was this phœnomenon,
This hieroglyphick rais'd on ſtone,
The Eel of mighty Tyber, †
Which always did create a ſmile;
It beat the Snakes of ſlimy Nile,
In griſtle, nerve, and fibre.

---

[*] This riggiſh gentlewoman, when but fifteen, was carried on the back of Apollodorus, through her brother's camp, and laid at the feet of Cæſar. She afterwards hopped on one leg 150 paces in the public market place, and died by the bite of Mark Anthony's Eel, tho' hiſtorians have confounded it with Aſp.

[†] The world has ever confeſſed the taſte of Cleopatra, and by the preference ſhe gave to Pompey, Cæſar, and Anthony, it is plain ſhe preferred the Eels of Tyber to the Serpents of the Nile.

'Twas this the ſturdy Tarquin * bore,
And ſtab'd Lucretia to the core;
But not with pointed ſteel:
For ſhe, moſt chaſte, and virtuous dame,
Rather than tarniſh Roman fame,
Receiv'd the ſilver Eel.

The beauties of Indoſtan's † clime,
Where virtue's in its ſacred prime,
Where loving living dames
Mount gorgeous dreſs'd the funeral pile,
And on the Eel that's dead they ſmile,
And for it grill in flames.

---

* There is no part of the Roman Hiſtory ſo little underſtood, as this:---it was not that Lucretia did not like the addreſſes of the ſturdy Tarquin, but her ſlave was privy to the adultery, ſo ſhe made the beſt of a loſt game. Many Engliſh Ladies would do the ſame, but for the happy convenience of divorce,---for there is no fame they value equal to life.

For ſhe that kiſſes and is taken,
Still does not hope in vain;
For tho' ſhe's caught---ſhe ſaves her bacon,
And lives to kiſs again.

† The women of India always burn with their dead huſbands; ſurely this is a great ſacrifice to the Caro ſpoſo.---In England, it is reverſed, the wives always burn for any other man than a huſband.

More modern Belles, in this great town
Have added to this fiſh---renown,
By ſacrifice and zeal:
Pray, who ſo oft' hath proſtrate been,
As lady Sarah ---- (beauty's Queen)
To this erected Eel.

What led the Groſvenor aſtray,
What witch'd the Lady M---ary H---ay
And her ſimplicity?
Pardon the plainneſs of my diction,
'Tis thunder that is made by friction,
And electricity.*

What made the pretty H---- fly,
With S----n to a milder ſky,
And dance the Cyprian reel?
But this ſmart, ſhort electrick ſhock,
Which will invig'rate hen or cock,
And flaſh like flint and ſteel.

---

* Bodies electrified by a ſphere of glaſs turned nimbly round, emit flame. A property in bodies when rubbed till they are warm, draw ſubſtances to them. QUINCY.

But ſee the luſcious Ligonier,
Prefers her poſt-boy to her Peer,
His ſtable---ſtraw cotillon:
What Devil could poſſeſs her head,
To make her leave his Lordſhip's bed?
---The Eel of Bob Poſtillion.

The gaudy ----- quits her Duke,
Spite of intreaty and rebuke,
Her friends, and little nurſery:
The gentle lady could not reſt,
This Eel was upper in her breaſt,
'Till ſhe was under Ossory.

What gave the C----- pain and ſpleen,
To ſigh and follow Count De Guines,
Cet gallant de diz mille?
His gay high dreſſing with her took,
He doubtleſs is the firſt French cook,
For ſtuffing ſpitch'd cock-Eel.

[illegible]
What made poor **********'s Counteſs burn,
And from her Indian hero turn,
So gallant once and gay:
In taſte of colours, Ladies vary,
Scarlett
****** ſhe thought was far more airy,
Gray
Than cold and ſober ****.

But Electricity was vain:
From Groſvenor-ſquare to Drury-lane,
All ſorts of Eels ſhe tried.
Yet poor Gymnotus made remark,
Her wants were ſuch for fire and ſpark,
No Devil had ſupplied.

In ſuch a caſe--- what lady cou'd,
(Compos'd of am'rous fleſh and blood)
Have any heſitation----
Whether ſhe'd chuſe a ſhrivell'd man,
Dry as a chip, from Indoſtan,
Irish
Or one of th' ***** Nation.

A Lady--- like a Chineſe pig,
And even too with young ones big,
    Both friſky, fond, and wild:
Had better tho' her fame's at ſtake,
A double conſumation make,
    To help an embryo child.

Againſt her choice, who dare ſay nay?
Gray
For youth---- ſhe left a man quite ****---
    A worn-out Maccaronie:
For when we come to wear and tear,
All Matrons will this truth declare,
    Work's better for being ******.

And therefore ceaſe to name the duel,
The thing in truth was bold and cruel,
    Such men there was no parting:
Or who would ſtand a--- practiſe mark,
For twenty minutes in the dark,
    Not even *Target Martin.*[*]

[*] Who uſed ſo to practiſe before he fought with Wilkes---

Brave Piercy, bold--- in Chevy Field,
To whom the Douglaſs deign'd to yield,
Ne'er fought ſo long and well:
Hot Witherington in doleful dumps,
In half the time was on his ſtumps,
And tumbled down to Hell.

The * deed--- the mighty deed is done,
The Heroes fight--- the Lady's won,
And She, moſt virtuous dame,
Riſes and leaves her man of **** gray,
And madly throws herſelf away,
A blot to female fame.

---

* There never was known a Rencountre, wherein more true ſpirit was ſhown than in this---and tho' the Gentleman challenged had no ways deſerved the violent attack of the other---yet when brought forth--- the challenger owned, that he fought like Achilles.

What made the fair T------ ſigh,
And troll the tongue and roll the eye,
That wench of manners pith?
Eccentrick girl---ſhe gain'd a deal,
When ſhe receiv'd the Conger-Eel,
Of gallant L------ S---th.

Why ſhould the F---r---r hunt the town,
To fix the boy of County Down,
Where harlots make their meal?
Ah---honey dear---her taſte is good,
She muſt have one of Liffey mud,
True, Iriſh collard Eel.

See the high prieſteſs of out ſhore,
Who of this fiſh hath gorged more,
Than is in Shannon's river:
See C---g---s he droops within her arms,
Says, ſighing o'er her faded charms,
No Eel can flaſh* for ever.

---

* By the advertiſement, the Eel is grown ſo feeble this cold weather, that the ſpark is only extracted three times a week.

What

The first edition of this poem was published in [illegible]

What is this quick electrick fire,
That raiſes every maid's deſire,
In little, or in much:
Where is there one---nor longs to feel,
The vigour of th' electric Eel,
T' extract the fire by touch?

There's not a letcher of theſe days,
Cold votaries to Charlotte Hayes,
Whoſe knell the Loves have rang,
Old H-------n, and F-----h dry,
Lank V---l, and poor Captain P---,
And ſhrivell'd Count H----g.

Lyttleton
With L--y--l--n theſe tried the ſhock,
But they were lifeleſs as a rock,
And dead as County Paris:
He, electricity defies,
Who feels no fire from beauty's eyes,
The eyes of Sally Harris.*

---

* The rape of Pomona is well known to the bucks of the turf, and how ſhe took 500l.---the match was weight for inches.

Poor

Poor Jemmy Twitcher, pious Sire, Earl of Sandwich
He ſham bled forth---- in hopes the fire,
Might help his ancient clay :
For he alas ! for many days,
By Spaniſh flies * had been in blaze,
To warm his own fair R^{ae}---y.

But Spaniſh flies were all in vain,
The Cupids they had left his train,
With him--- the Eel was dead :
Cantharides, did even fail,
They never touch'd poor Ttwicher's tail,
But fir'd his Lordſhip's head.

---

* The fate of poor General Armiger ſhould be a caution to theſe old Bucks, how they tamper with ſuch provocatives. When the General died, the King aſked Lady Bridget T------- what occaſioned his ſudden death : She replied, " Pleaſe your Majeſty, the Night Mare." But it was better explained in the following diſtich by a wag on the occaſion.

On the Death of General Armiger.

He was a Soldier cannot be denied,
For in the Covert-way he fought and died. ANON.

Green

Green* Andrew-----w too deſired much,
To have a ſmart electric touch,
To help a dull tranſlation: †
Gymnotus ſaid,---the work is traſh,
He ſhall not have a vivid flaſh,
To ſave it from damnation.

Ye gaudy guards---ye all might laugh,
To hear the Prince of Paragraph,
Invoke a vivid ſpark:
But Coſmo ‡ did in vain deſire,
The Eel, nor his electric fire,
Could touch a Soul ſo dark.

Duke of Tuscany
Travels [illegible]

---

[*] Thomas Cecial's noſe, was de color amoratado, como de Berengena---of a darkiſh green colour, like a Berengene, or malum inſanum--a mad apple. Covarruvias (a Spaniſh author) obſerves, that he who eats this fruit, will be of a dark green colour.
SHELTON, p. 2. C. 14.

[†] Perhaps no man ever diſgraced a ſtage ſo highly, by a piece of five acts, as this military hero; nor any man diſcredited ſo much the immortal Voltaire. We may ſay of it, as of the Rehearſal---if it was not for the character of Bayes---there would not be wit enough about it to keep it ſweet; and was it not for the ſweet vernal roſe of Sheridan's Epilogue, it would ſtink.

[‡] Celebrated for his Letters on the Ton, and dealing in ſcandal at the expence of all he viſited.

D---g, that cataract of law,
Who can make out, or mend a flaw,
For the firſt time did fail;
His eloquence in vain he rung,
He hath the Eel about his tongue,
But not about his tail.

This ſtrange Electricus Gymnotus,
From Surinam was lately brought us,
To help our dull conditions:
But the Torpedo * numb'd the ſtate,
So all thy fire is brought too late,
To warm our diſpoſitions.

---

* A fiſh that benumbs the hand when touched, but may be eaten; ſo ſay Naturaliſts; but I rather think it infects the intellects, and the preſent ſyſtem of politicks, proves the diet dangerous to ſuch men as are to conduct a ſtate and its affairs.

ADVERTISEMENT.

“ This wonderfull electrick fiſh,
“ Through all the world a ſtanding diſh:
“ The firſt that e'er was ſhown
“ Of ſuch a ſize---of ſuch a length;
“ There's none---but what applauds its ſtrength,
“ Who've felt it in the town.

“ Each Domino, and Domina,
“ Attend theſe rare phœnomena;
“ Ye maids pray make the trial:
“ It hath the properties of wine,
“ Of fire, of love,---the true divine,
“ It beats the *Leyden* * *Phial.*

“ 'Tis hop'd the virtuoſi wiſe,
“ And ladies too will turn their eyes,
“ And deign the thing to feel:

---

* *Leyden Phial.*---There is no occaſion to explain the ſtrength of this Phial, every old woman in Billingſgate hath tried its powers.

" As nature's ſubject to decay,
" Their warmth alone can fix its ſtay,
" Or cold may freeze the Eel,

" We do not mean by words---t' impoſe:
" The precious time, Oh do not loſe!
We mean no falſe ſeduction!
" Here all the virtuoſi mingle;
" And 'tis allow'd by Sir *John Pringle*,*
" A rare, and great production.

" It hath been ſmuggled round the globe,
" Beneath the petticoat and robe,
" But not in ſuch condition:
" Ladies, and Gentlemen attend,
" This Eel will prove a mutual friend,
" And pleaſe-----on exhibition!"

---

* Sir John Pringle hath repeatedly declared, he never ſaw any thing like it in all his practice among the whole College of Phyſicians.

Lord * M---, to Kitty Frederick brought
An Eel---which was of no great note:
Then be nor coy---or ſilly!
But now repair to ſee, and feel---
olmondeley
Lord † Ch---l--y ſhows this wond'rous Eel,
And---lives in Piccadilly.

CETERA DESUNT.

---

[*] This noble Peer of the verdant ribbon and north ſtar, hath ſyſtematically proved, and by it, deſtroyed the fame of Euclid, by the plaineſt demonſtration in life, that no man can raiſe a perpendicular at will---

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis ſapit.

[†] It is difficult to dermine where his Lordſhip procured this Eel:---it is given out that he found it in a river of Surinam, but I believe the Circumſtance no more than Lady Groſvenor, or Mrs. E---l--t.

[illegible]